

Let there be a fifth edition soon.

And herds of office-holders
To shout huzzas when, with a crack,
It peels her patient shoulders !

same evening. Wherever he goes, may this early, able, unswerving and unwearied advocate of the slave be hospitably received and generously aided.

the Brittanis; and the editor says he 'gathers these
facts from New-York papers'—*Bennett's Herald*, per-
haps.

the Texas men that a public meeting was held at that date in the City of Mexico, in favor of annexing the country to the United States.—Tribune.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.
 on, June 13, 1845. *Sept 11 1845*

POETRY.

From the Liberty Bell.
THE FALCONER.
BY J. R. LOWELL.

I have a falcon swift and peerless
As ever was cradled in the pine,
No bird had ever eye so fearless
Or wing so strong as this of mine;
The winds not better love to pilot
The clouds with molten gold o'erturn,
Than him, a little burning islet,
A star above the sunken urn.

But better he loves the lustrous morning,
When the last white star yet stands at bay,
And earth, half-wake, smiles a child's forewarning
Of the long-for mother-kiss of day;
Then with a lark's heart doth he tower
By a glorious, upward instinct drawn—
No bee needles deeper in the flower,
Than he in the bursting rose of dawn.

What joy to see his sails uplifted
Against the worst that gales can dare,
Through the north-wester's surges drifted,
Bold viking of the sea of air!
His eye is fierce, yet mildened over
With something of a dove-like ruth;
I am his master less than lover,
His short and simple name is Truth.

When'er some hoary owl of Error
Lays, though his native night be past,
And at the sunshine hoots his terror,
The falcon from my wrist I cast;
Swooping, he scares the bird uncleanly,
Then in the holy temple flies,
That in the blue air floats serenely
Above their hoarse anathemas.

The herd of patriot wolves, that, stealing
To gorge on martyred Freedom run,
Flies, howling, when his shadow, wheeling,
Flashes between them and the sun;
Well for them that our proud eagle
Forgets his empire of the sky,
And, amidst of every emblem regal,
Does trumpet's work for slavery.

Mount up, my falcon brave and kingly,
Stoop not from thy majestic height,
The terror of thy shadow, singly,
Can put a thousand wrongs to flight;
Wherever in all God's dominions
One ugly falsehood lurks apart,
Let the dread ruler of thy pinions
Send palsy to his traitor heart.

No harmless dove, no bird that singeth,
Shudders to see thee overhead;
The rush of thy fierce swooping bringeth
To innocent hearts no thrill of dread;
Let frauds and wrongs and falsehoods shiver,
For, still between them and the sky,
The falcon Truth hangs poised forever,
And marks them with his vengeful eye.

Elmwood, Nov. 26, 1845.

LINES

To the trans-Atlantic friends of the slave.
BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

Ye who across the broad Atlantic wave,
Have sent your kindly voices hitherward,
Whistlers who should by your right side be found,
Have recanted proved to Nature and to Truth,
We gladly hail ye as our cherished friends;
Ye, who afar from such heart-rendering scenes,
As blot the fair fields of our native land,
Have wept to hear the distant tale of woe.
Ye, whose hearts no base-born hate resist;
Ye, who can look on Africa's sable sons,
And call them brethren, heirs of the same rights,
That the great Giver of all good designs
For Man, wherever found throughout the globe,
We love to rank ye with the truly great—
The noble benefactors of our race.

Clarkson, thy life awakens in our souls
The truest worship due to Love and Truth.
Our infant lips o'pe'd to thy reverend name,
And with increasing years our love has grown.
And ye of later date, ye noble ones,
To whom we owe so much of cheer and strength!
Your names are watch-words in our sacred cause,
Thompson, thy thrilling tones of eloquence,
Upraised for Scotland in the name of Right,
Not yet have died away upon our ears—
Those words of truth are treasured in our hearts.
Bowring, thy gifted pen, so freely lent,
To spread the cause of Freedom and of Truth;
Haughton and Webb, so constant at your posts,
Ye clear and fearless pleaders for the Right;
And Martineau and Pease, your generous aid
We fondly prize among our choicest gifts;
Aldy, thee, too, whose rich and classic claims
Are unsurpassed but by thy feeling heart;
And Morpeth, nobler in the cause of Truth,
Than in thy own illustrious name and rank—
We love ye all, and in the Bondman's name,
Invoke Heaven's blessing on your noble lives.

Woodlee, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

SONNETS TO JESUS.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

Jesus, there is no name so dear as thine,
Which Time has blazoned on his ample scroll;
No wreaths nor garlands ever did entwine
So fair a temple of so vast a soul.
There every angel set his triumphal arch,
Wisdom combined with Strength and radiant Grace,
In a sweet copy Heaven to reveal,
And stamp FRAGRANCE on a mortal face:
Once on the Earth wert thou, before men's eyes,
That could not half thy beauteous brightness see,
E'en as the emmet cannot read the skies,
Nor our weak eyes look through immensity;
Once on the earth wert thou—a living shrine,
Wherein conjoining dwelt—the Good, the Lovely
The Divine.

Dear Jesus, were thy spirit now on Earth,
Where thou hast prayed and toiled a world to win—
What vast ideas would sudden rise to birth,
What strange endeavors 'gainst o'ermastering Sin!
Thy blest beatitudes again thou dost speak;
But with deep-hearted words that scorch like fire,
Wouldst thou rebuke the oppressors of the weak;
Or, turning thence to Prophets that aspire,
How wouldst thou cheer the meek who toil to save
Their Brothers smother'd 'neath a despotic rod,
To lift the Poor, the Fallen, and the Slave,
And lead them all alive to worship God!
Bigots wouldst thou rebuke, that idle stand,
But send thy Gospel-fraught Apostles conquering
through the land.

West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

SONNET IN MEMORY OF ELIZABETH FRY

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

'In prison, and ye visited me.'
Throughout all earth, adown all coming time,
Where'er the Gospel's promises are heard,
There shall the human heart be thrilled and stirred
The remembrance of a love sublime,
That, shining out long years of grief and crime,
Forever glows in one woman's name.
Friend of the poor, shall not thy sweet fame,
Like that of Mary, fade to every clime?
It was not thine to pour the perfumes down
Before the very presence of thy God;
But, in the poor, the outcast and the slave,
Shrinking beneath the world's unkindly eye,
Thou didst the image of thy Savior see—
Shall He not say, 'Thou didst it unto me'?

REFORMATORY.

PHONOGRAPHY—PHONOTYPY.

These terms express the art of writing and printing by characters in exact correspondence with articulate sounds of the human voice. They are based upon the science of Phonetics, and are in harmonious union with a natural alphabet. The object before me now is to show some of their advantages.

The Phonetic alphabet is applicable to all language universally. It constructs one universal system of character or elements, 29 in number; which would give exactly all articulate sounds in all languages. Ours requires 43 of these—the German 7 more—the French 6 peculiar to that—the Italian 3—making 59 characters only necessary to write these four principal languages of the world. If printed in the same phonetic manner, the student, with the use of these, could read any one, or all, with perfect facility. All knowledge of spelling or pronouncing would be saved at the threshold. It enables the student of our own to learn to spell, read and write it in the almost incredible short space of one month, as has been again and again demonstrated. If he barely knows how to read in the present method, he can accomplish all these in one week, even. If he has previously learned the Phonographic characters, he can read in the Phonotypy in one hour.

The Phonographic hand saves five-sixths of the time and one-sixth of the space. It is the most ingenious short-hand system ever invented; superior to all others, because of its greater celerity, and easier legibility. One using the identical characters in the word, so far as they extend; a bare contraction of them, and enabling the phonographer by a review to supply the balance, and make it a fully written manuscript. Hence it saves all transcribing, either for the press or any other use.

The introduction of Phonography now would enable the present generation to grow up reporters, and be able to report any lecture or speech as uttered by the orator.

The Phonotypy printing would save one-fifth of the time, type and paper. All this when printed out in full; though it promises an abbreviated form, like the beautiful system of Phonography, by which one-third of labor, time, type and paper, would be saved in printing; and, accordingly, all the corresponding reduction of books, &c.

By writing six times as fast, it enables the composer to fix his glowing thoughts as they flow in the most happy frames of his mind; and thus record vast amounts of knowledge which now are lost for want of freer medium for manuscripts. A freer medium, too, would tend to quicken the mind.

By a most distinct phonetic articulation, it will prove the greatest aid to elocution and music, and train the voice for the most melodious enunciation. The benefit insured in this channel is worthy of high estimation. Every word can be articulated just as the writer intended; thus saving all doubt and hesitation in the mind of the reader; and this would at once produce a decided tendency to uniform pronunciation; a result which would be soon brought about in the nature of the case by these means—and the only means by which it ever can. It saves all notations for accent, length of words, &c.

It would make our language universal, which would have been the case long ere this, had our sounds and alphabetical signs corresponded. A result desirable, not to flatter national pride, but because our language, by universal consent, is considered superior to any other. And the commercial, diplomatic and political intercourse of those who speak it, supercedes all other nations in the world; and more particularly because the new commercial relations now in the womb of society, can never have birth and maturity without this reform.

It is a system by which any barbarian language can be written and printed. A want of this means has always been an almost insuperable barrier to civilization, and all missionary labors among such nations. It would remove all aristocracy in learning; bring into the fold of science the illiterate, by reducing the time and cost to their capacity; and thus make literature commensurate with thought; the great motive in the mind of Franklin for this reform. In short, it is the grand desideratum type for the world to fix their thoughts upon paper in their exact original likeness.

But why the science, thus based upon nature and truth, insure a universal reformation in language? Because it supplies a want which has always been deeply felt, and one which has extended broader and deeper, and become more and more intense, until the world are ripe to receive and appreciate it. Because it bears the impress of natural simplicity, philosophical ingenuity, and complete adaptation to its proposed end—truth—brief—analogy—doing the 'Truth.' It makes a philosophical demonstration of the same applicability to language which the ten digits have to mathematics; a system of signs with which the world will be as well satisfied as they are now with these figures. It comes forth at a time opportune, because when the French and German philosophers and etymologists are doing so much to reduce all languages to a unity, and all sciences to one grand synthesis. It proves itself the fruit of a mind worthy to be compared with Jacotot, Fourier, Swedenborg, Franklin, or Newton; and is a system second to neither of them, or any other of any era in the world. Its prime leader, Mr. Isaac Pitman, has made himself, for eight years, a resident with all the elements of sound generally, and in the human voice in particular. Its author's work is finished in as high perfection as Franklin bottled the lightning. Those who think this a reform to be revolutionized, may just as well predict the non-existence of electricity, or the invention of new figures for mathematical use. It is no longer matter of experiment. It has been taught to more than 1,000,000—has been taught loquently by 1050 members of the Phonographic Corresponding Society in England—has some fifteen who teach it constantly by forming classes in towns and villages—has been favorably received into more than 100 colleges and public schools—circulates monthly 2000 copies of periodicals published in its characters. Some 200,000 letters passed through the English post-office last year, written in the phonographic hand. Our American P. S. have correspondence in its character with some in every State in the Union. It is taught in each State. The death, to-day, of all its disciples, would not arrest it, because it has the germ of vitality inherent, and the radical reform destined, in the course of nature, to heal the disorder of language. We might as well command the streams back to their fountains!

Because it comes to us on a day when we go by steam, and our thoughts by lightning—and we are prepared to seize and appreciate a mode of writing thoughts upon the wing. Collateral improvements in chemistry, philosophy, physiology, psychology, &c. make their present reform work of the eleventh hour. While, by the application of the self-same principles, music has been already reproduced in vestments of celestial simplicity, under the hands of Madame Sheere of France.

Because it furnishes its own remedy for the obstacles in the way of its progress. While it will affect the interest of works now published somewhat, perhaps, it promises to double the number of readers soon; and at no distant day increase them ten-fold; and eventually a hundred fold, even. Hence it provides a demand for the republication of useful books, and the production of new, and all this at a vast economy. While old books can eventually afford to be cloistered and collected for the use of the etymologist and antiquarian, like those of the 16th century, before our day. The Literati can feast upon the old; while ninety-nine out of every hundred can find their nutriment in the new; and care not how they come by the means of education, if they can only enjoy them and their fruits.

Because the only way of extending the means of education throughout the realm of mind. The Bible and Milton's Paradise Lost are now in press in England, and a series of school books commenced in France, in the Phonotypy alphabet, though the invention was matured so lately as June. These works, and others to follow, promise to have a large sale. All proving that the 'Hour and the Man' for this great reform have appeared on the earth.

Because, although the spoken language has always by sound been made up of words which were the signs of ideas; yet the written language has never had but twenty-six characters to represent its forty-three sounds, and hence has never been a language fully written; and it deserves to be fully and completely written. When thus written, we shall be able to make more extensive application of etymology by the analogy of sound, than we ever have been by the combinations of its letters. Etymology should apply to language, not languages. The science of Phonetics will then trace all the inflections and interchanges of its representative signs.

Because, while this system enables the multitude to acquire education by means free from the heterogeneous masses in its present absurdities; yet it leaves the field open for the Philologist and Orthographist to use all our present modes for all purposes which can ever be necessary. Just as we now use the English in the days of the 16th century, the obsolete dialects of the Saxons, Danes, &c. &c.

But why should we desire and aid the spread of this reform? Because, if the world are ever to be united in one brotherhood of LOVE and PEACE, their intercourse requires the use, not of languages, but of one language. Those who can read the signs of the times, and hear the voices of the future in the present events—casting their shadows before, will understand that the present advent of this reform provides for a desideratum indispensably necessary.

Because it saves much toil and trouble, which make the outside of the hours and holidays so desirable to students, and the business of teaching so irksome to the instructor; difficulties which cause dislike and disgust for literary pursuits through life; difficulties which drive from youthful study such minds as Scott, Byron, Liebig, &c. by thousands; producing pains in the child equalled by nothing save the perplexities of the teacher.

Because it not only thus saves pain, but will make elementary studies a pleasure and recreation, as they ever should and ever would be, if subjects were presented to the mind in truth and beauty.

Because the sphere of knowledge is becoming broader, deeper, higher, every day; and the child cannot so well afford, as heretofore, to limit his education to reading, spelling and writing—the mere mechanical instruments of learning—but wants these agencies ready for the exercise of his intellect, as this system fully provides. As these are all accomplished at the threshold, all the future is before him for bolder pursuits, from which he has previously been barred by difficulties at the door of his pupillage.

Who can well estimate the agency of our barbarian system to sour the temper of the child, corrode his passions, drive him into games of chance, antagonism, competition, rivalry, and thereby deprive him by fostering into disordered ascendancy the most corrupting and troublesome elements of his social nature! when philanthropy and benevolence should dictate the duty and the privilege of removing these causes of evil from the flowery days of childhood; evils which have done so much to make the schoolroom a nest of hornets—a realm of tyranny and abuse, and to 'point upon the morning face of the teacher, the disorders of the day.'

I pledge and devote myself to advocating and teaching the art and science, until Phonography and Phonotypy are generally disseminated through the country; and believe I can do more good than I ever have, or even can, in the wrangle between Calomel, Capsicum, Water, and the Decadent Potency.

MORRIS DWIGHT.

Millford, Dec. 19, 1845.

FREE DISCUSSION.

Boston, Dec. 19, 1845.

MR. EDITOR: I am as to, as any one of the friends of the Liberator, to burden it with useless matter, and more especially with *Mathematical* articles. Well do I know the obstacles it has to encounter in getting the ear of the public; but shall it be said that, for fear of rendering it unpopular, no article conflicting with the views of its readers shall be admitted? Has it come to this, that, after all the lessons its readers have had placed before them, upon the importance of free discussion, they have only learned to hear that which they believe, unless it is placed in the refuge of oppression—and then they expect to be abused? I thought that every reader of the Liberator had profited by its noble lessons upon liberty of conscience, and had concluded to throw off that bigoted spirit which condemns a man to *barba* for the expression of his honest opinions, but it seems I am mistaken. The fact and the prison are still in existence, if I may judge from your correspondent's article, in answer to an article of mine concerning God.

Is there any thing, or being, so sacred as to be above inquiry? It is not long since the divinity of slavery was asserted so strongly, that the piety of the person, calling its holiness in question, was thrown open to suspicion; and even now, in some parts, to be an abolitionist is to be guilty of high treason against God. Let N. Southard go where I have been, and assert the sinfulness of slavery, and he would be deemed a sacrilegious wretch, as I was for asserting the wickedness of enslaving men. I was warned to leave the country, on peril of prison and lynching; and in one case, a man got on to his horse, and rode after me, with a loaded pistol in his hand, threatening to kill me, if he could find me, because, as it was said, I told his negro man in public, that 'he was as free as his master.' This was deemed highly injurious to my character as a Christian. My reputation for piety was lessened in proportion to my faithfulness in exposing the slave system.

One lady remarked to me, that if I was going to define the rights of God, I should never have another meeting in her house. She could not bear to hear it said, that God was under obligations to do right. Precisely so it is with my friend N. Southard.

If I justify man-killing, he is not disposed, on that account, to be shocked at my blasphemy; for he, as I understand, is now in regular fellowship with a man-killing church. So at the South, if I had justified slavery, nobody would have thought me guilty of blasphemy; on the contrary, I would have passed for a paragon of piety. But, when I said slavery was wrong, I was no Christian. May it not be so with those who think it is wrong to condemn in God's taking, and yet very pious to accuse God of murder? Phonologists give me large quantities; and I am inclined to think it was a right appreciation of the character of God, which led me to write the *Mathematical* article alluded to. It certainly was not any thing inimical to God; for I reverence excellency wherever I see it. And, certainly, such a glorious concentration of moral greatness is the true God of Israel. I must admit—I cannot help it—it is involuntary on my part. I love the true God—I fall down and worship him, as my friend and Creator. I believe in prayer, in doing the will of God, in possessing the Holy Ghost, and in experimental religion; but when I hear that God traduced and misrepresented, as I have given me, and to my friends, I find my mental weakness, and lay no claim to even a moderate share of intellectual strength. I am only one of those babes, of whom it is said, 'Father, thou hast hidden

these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' I speak not from a sense of mental incapacity for the task, but because I deem it incumbent on the very 'stones to cry out,' when the so-called Christians are accusing God of doing what they would not do. If the 'patting infants' should hold their peace, the very stones would cry out.

It is written that, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of heaven.' I apprehend, that if we possessed the spirit of little children, and were somewhat less mighty in intellect, we might be reached by the truth; for 'God dwelleth with him that is of a humble and contrite heart.' I was much pleased with an expression, that a brother once used in describing the difficulty in the way of sinners becoming as they should. He said, 'The Lord was so humble, that they could not find him; they looked too high for him, when he was at their side, in reality.' So, in regard to my friend, he is looking away from himself, to something outward for a knowledge of God—to books, and priests, and floods, and destruction of cities. It is not in these that God is to be seen. He dwells in the inner temple of man. Look within, and you shall find the true God, in a different place from fiery conflagrations, burning worlds, deluges of water, and in the writings of fiery men, buried in the spirit of war. Oh, if all would but look to the God within, and be taught of his Spirit, they would not make to themselves such an awful caricature of God as they now have, and then start back with horror at an unveiling of this hideous ghost. For one, I believe the true God is all love, and would no more kill, or hurt the least being who has reason, than the most kind-hearted person on earth.

Yours in the belief of God,

C. B. STEARNS.

From the Richmond Whig.

EXECUTION OF MOSES JOHNSON.

Yesterday at one o'clock, when the inhabitants of our city were engaged in the thousand busy employments of life, a solemn scene was transpiring within the walls of the Penitentiary. A little before 12 M. the convicts were all assembled in the large workshop of the prison for religious exercises. The State Guard, under arms, stood in order before the convicts, and the Sheriff, and a few spectators, composed the rest of the assembly.

After an appropriate hymn, the Rev. Mr. Hope led in an address to the throne of grace, which he closed by fervent petitions in behalf of the unhappy man who was so soon to be ushered into the eternal world.

Then, an impressive discourse was delivered by Dr. Plummer on the text of the 1st Psalm, which was listened to by all present, with the most profound attention. In his concluding remarks, the Doctor addressed the prisoner in a very solemn and affectionate manner. After another hymn, the convicts, with the guard, withdrew to the place of execution. A few minutes still remained to the prisoner to be executed, during which time, the ministers present conversed and prayed with him.

At last, the appointed moment arrived; the Sheriff entered; the fatal cord was adjusted, and the culprit led to the gallows.

He manifested very little emotion, and throughout all the services of the occasion, seemed less affected than many of the spectators.

When the cord was drawn from beneath him, he hung quivering for a few minutes, when his spirit took its flight to appear before the most awful of all tribunals.

From what we have heard of this execution, we are more than ever convinced of the propriety of making these capital punishments private. Not a great number of spectators was admitted, but we understand that even before the poor wretch was taken down from the gallows, among the convicts, who stood in the galleries of the building, as well as among the rabble who were looking through the front gate, some were seen talking and laughing in the most indecent manner.

AN INDIAN HANGING.

When the cord was drawn from beneath him, he hung quivering for a few minutes, when his spirit took its flight to appear before the most awful of all tribunals.

From what we have heard of this execution, we are more than ever convinced of the propriety of making these capital punishments private. Not a great number of spectators was admitted, but we understand that even before the poor wretch was taken down from the gallows, among the convicts, who stood in the galleries of the building, as well as among the rabble who were looking through the front gate, some were seen talking and laughing in the most indecent manner.

The whole band of Indians, with the Sheriff and Nat in the midst of them, then betook themselves to the banks of the Arkansas, in search of a proper tree from which to suspend the prisoner; and after a little time, a tall cotton wood was found, with a forked branch up to the top of the tree, in the opinion of all was suitable for the purpose. Nat, who told all things were ready, expressed a wish to bathe in the river once more, which he was permitted to do. Carefully regarded by the rifles from the shore. He went into the water, frolicked about for some time, swam to and fro with great apparent pleasure—then came to the shore, donned his blanket, and stood ready for the last act of the drama.

The Sheriff now told him to climb the tree, which he commenced doing, the officer of the law tolling up after him with the fatal cord. Nat reached the projecting limb of the tree, and was desired by the Sheriff to throw himself as far out upon it, from the trunk. As he could not do so, he was desired to call to the children to get up the way, and the Sheriff adjusted the noose around his neck, and tied the other end of the rope around the limb. All these preparations were conducted with the utmost coolness, and the most perfect good understanding existed between the Sheriff and the Indian. When all the arrangements were completed, the Sheriff told Nat that he would slide down the tree to the ground, and on a signal when he, the prisoner, must jump off the limb—to which Nat assented. The Sheriff reached the ground, and looking up to the limb upon which sat the poor victim, he shouted—'Now, Nat, you red devil, jump!' And jump Nat did, and after a few struggles, hung a mass of lifeless clay, to the infinite wonderment of his red brethren, who had never before been regaled with the sight of an execution of that kind.

DEATH PUNISHMENTS. LECTURES OF THE REV. GEORGE HARRIS, NEWCASTLE. We stated, a few weeks ago, that the Rev. George Harris, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had consented to deliver two lectures on capital punishments, in compliance with a requisition from some hundreds of the most respectable inhabitants of Newcastle and Gateshead, and that the worthy minister, from the latter borough had acceded to the wish of the requisitioners, that he should take the chair. The Newcastle lecture room, which accommodates from twelve to fifteen hundred persons, was engaged for the occasion, and was each night (to use a newspaper phrase) 'crowded to suffocation.' On the Monday, a considerable number of persons were unable to gain admission; but at the second lecture, on Wednesday night, hundreds were congregated in the lobby, and at the doors, who strove in vain to find an entrance to the amphitheatre. Among the gentlemen present, either at one or both of the lectures, we observed, in addition to W. Hunt, Esq., M. P., the venerable Alderman Dr. Headlam, (himself an open and able opponent of death punishments,) Aldermen Brockwell and Wilson, Councillors Phillips, Wadley, Earle, Nichol (John), and Stokes, Dr. Elliot, the Rev. Mr. Leitch, the Rev. Dr. Adam, the Rev. Mr. Lyne, and Messrs. Charles Larkin, T. M. Greenhow, F. Bennett, Joseph Watson, A. Chapman, W. Beaumont, G. A. Brunell, J. Brunell, Edward Richardson, George Burnett, Jr., W. Chater, M. Foster, G. Scarlett, Edward Jackson, H. Richardson, E. S. Ellis, D. H. Wilson, L. Hamilton, William Kell, R. W. Swan, Hew Singers, T. K. Fife, &c. &c.

A REVOLTING PICTURE.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial says:

'The grand jury for the city and county of Philadelphia, in their last presentment, when alluding to the inmate department of the Blockley Almshouse, say that they were painfully surprised on being ushered into the men's apartment, to find it

inmates, averaging nearly 100, from youth to old age, black and white, in all stages of poverty, and miserably assembled in a yard 40 feet by 90 (allowing each individual a space not so large as the cell of a penitentiary), paved with bricks surrounded by a wall of extreme height; several so violent as to require forcible restraint, others making hideous noises, and using the most profane and indecent language, while many others were perfectly quiet and apparently but slightly affected with disease.

In the women's apartment there was found a yard of the same description, though it was connected with one of 90 by 140, not paved. Here also the old and young, the furious maniac confined with straps, the idiot, the slightly affected, averaging also nearly 100, were promiscuously assembled, and the necessity for more room and proper classification was even more apparent than in the apartment of the men. What a horrid story to tell a civilized, Christian people! No one can imagine the wretched condition of these 200 unfortunate creatures—their privations and sufferings—and yet all is suffered to exist in the very midst, I might say, of a city constantly boasting of its benevolence, its philanthropy, its noble institutions! The grand jury very wisely recommended immediate action, and will their recommendation be attended to? I trust it may, and that speedily.

FRIGHTFUL RESULT OF A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A shocking occurrence lately took place in the vicinity of Perth. The well-known courage and naturally dauntless temperament of a young nobleman of that country had stimulated some of his companions to put him to the proof in various ways. He was himself aware of their designs against his hardihood, and readily joined in the sport so far as to give them free permission to test his intrepidity by either natural or supernatural means. Every scheme, however, proved abortive, and the attempt was apparently, as the young hero believed, really relinquished as hopeless. But, after the lapse of some weeks, it unfortunately became again the subject of discussion, and one of the thoughtless youths, his ingenuity stimulated by a considerable wager, resolved once more to subject his friend's strength of mind to a new trial. Having bribed a valet to admit him into the bedchamber of the wholly unsuspecting youth, his first care was to withdraw the bullets from a brace of pistols suspended at the head of the bed, under which he then crept, to await the arrival of his companion, who, returning home at his usual hour, went to bed and fell asleep. The concealed plotter stole cautiously into the room, wrapped himself in a white corset, and standing at his full height at the foot of the couch, began to jerk the sheet in which the sleeper lay; he awoke, saw the tall white figure, and calling out, 'What humbug are you about now?' turned himself round again to sleep. The sheet jerking was, however, renewed, and the youth tormented out of his good temper, exclaimed, 'Bogues, foolish fellow, do I still shoot you? Still the white figure neither spoke or moved away, but continued pulling at the bed-clothes as before. Either alarmed or angry, the young nobleman got up, seized one of his pistols, and fired right at the motionless figure, and the bullet was rolled back harmless on the coverlet! Amazed, he discharged the other pistol; the gaunt silent figure tossed the second bullet towards him! A horrible conviction of an unearthly visitor, being before him probably seized his imagination, and the fine promising youth fell back upon his couch a corpse! A cerebral paralysis had deprived him instantaneously of life.

PEACE SENTIMENTS.

Elith Burritt has become editor of the 'Advocate of Peace.' In the last number we find, under the head of 'Peace Sentiments from the Cabinet,' four paragraphs, one from Cave Johnson, one from W. L. Marcy, one from George Bancroft, and one from R. J. Walker. Mr. Walker says that he is 'almost a Quaker in his sentiments of war.' But, at the same time, he says, 'We, who remain at home, will water the tree of peace, so that its roots shall strike to the heart of the earth, and its branches tower to the heavens, &c. &c.' Johnson and Marcy have similar peaceable dispositions and feelings. Now this, like John Tyler's recommendation of temperance, which went the rounds of the papers some time since, is a sort of humbug and hypocrisy, and nothing else. The Secretaries have done all they could do, by unjust acts of aggression, to provoke Mexico to go to war, and now they publish such stuff as this. The Liberator is not bound to the members of the Cabinet.

A MOST IMPRESSIVE LESSON.

Under this head, the Liberator has recently published an account of a forgery lately committed in that city by Hon. Rice Garland, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Louisiana. It appears from the testimony, that being in possession of a letter from John McDonough, Esq., he was induced by some chameleon to sign the name of the latter, and to write a promise to him for \$6,250, which being endorsed by himself, was discounted by a broker. When the facts came out, he was driven almost to desperation, and attempted to commit suicide by throwing himself into the river. He was rescued, but at the last advice had not been apprehended, the officers of the law not being able to find him.

A General Seizure.—Six families of Plaisance settlement, in the parish of Rapides, La., have simultaneously and clandestinely left for the State of Texas. They took along with their household goods, their big and little 'niggers,' and all their property, movable and immovable, fact, money, and nothing else. The Liberator is not bound to the members of the Cabinet.

British.—A few days since, a daughter of Franklin Baker, residing in South Chesham, aged 7 years, while on her way to school, was run over by a sled loaded with plaster, and killed. We understand that the driver came up, cracked his whip, and called to the child to get up the way, and the child, in attempting to do so, fell, and was passed over her, the driver not even stopping to pick her up.—*Elmira Gaz.*

Sudden Death.—The Hon. Michael C. Spring died very suddenly at his residence in Cumberland, Md., on Thursday. Mr. C. was formerly a representative in Congress, has repeatedly represented Allegheny county in the Legislature, was formerly the President of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, and has held other public responsible offices.

The Fight of the Mormons.—Twenty-five companies of 100 families each, are leaving for California, and it is said that the wagon trains are to be conveyed to them and their baggage will number 5000, and will form a line 25 miles long! In the front is to be a printing press and types, from which will be issued every morning a paper, to be sent back to inform the rear guard what is going on in the van.

A Great Title.—A witness examined before the committee on the Zeehand question, stated accidentally that he knew a chief in New Zealand who maintained that he had a great title to his land, inasmuch as he had eaten its owner.

Fatal Accident.—Mr. Joel S. Shumway, formerly of Belcherston, Mass., was killed on Friday in Worcester, by falling from the roof of a house, where he was at work. He fell a distance of thirty-two feet, and broke his back. He has left a wife and two children.

Accident to Bishop Potter.—The Right Rev. Bishop Potter met with a serious accident on Sunday, at Philadelphia, by which one of his legs was broken. Surgical skill was immediately in attendance, and the Bishop at last accounts was doing well.

A Good Wife.—Andrew Johnson, a member of the House of Representatives from Tennessee, we see it stated in an exchange paper, was taught by his wife to read, after his marriage. He is a tailor by trade.

New Hampshire.—The Concord Courier states that the majority against Woodbury, according to the official returns, is twenty-two hundred and three. The Judges of the Supreme Court of the State, to whom was referred the question whether a plurality elects on the third trial, have decided the question in the negative.

New Hampshire, at the last Presidential election, cast 47,723 votes, and chose six electors, 9,212 votes to each elector. Louisiana, at the same time, gave 26,225 votes, and chose six electors, one elector to 4,371 votes. So that every Louisiana voter is equivalent to two New Hampshire freemen in the choice of President!

The police of Brussels, says the Brussels Gazette, last week made a seizure, at the shop of a charcutier, of 70 kilograms of horse-flesh, in a state of putrefaction, which had been prepared for making Bologna sausages.

VOLUME XVI.—NO. I.

A NARRATIVE OF THE CASE OF SALOME MULLER, A German Girl who came to this country with her parents in 1818, at the age of eight, and was reduced to slavery in Louisiana, and sold and kept as an African slave for more than twenty-five years—with an account of the remarkable manner in which she was discovered in New-Orleans and identified—as disclosed in the Suit for Freedom of Salome Muller, vs. Louis Edmond and John Fitz Miller, with a Statement of the important principles of the Law of Slavery involved in that suit, and decided by the Final Decree of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, on the 23d day of June, 1845. For sale by BELLA MARSH, 25 Cornhill, Dec. 30.

BOOKS, STATIONERY, ETC.

MRS. Childs' New Edition